

Love, Robertus

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# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Robertus Love

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

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# An Appreciation of Lincoln

By Robertus Love

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**S**OMEWHAR down thar round Hodgenville, Kaintucky,  
Or tharabouts, a hundred year ago,  
Was born a boy ye wouldn' thought was lucky;  
Looked like he never wouldn' have a show.  
But \* \* \* I don' know.  
That boy was started middlin' well, I'm thinkin'.  
His name? W'y, it was Abraham—Abe Lincoln.

**P**ORE whites his folks was? Yes, as pore as any.  
Them pioneers, they wa'n't no plutocrats;  
Belonged right down among the humble many,  
And no more property than dogs or cats.  
But \* \* \* maybe that's  
As good a way as any for a startin'.  
Abe Lincoln, he riz middlin' high, for sartin!

**S**OMEHOW I've always had a sort o' sneakin'  
Idee that peddygrees is purty much  
Like monkeys' tails—so long they're apt to weaken  
The yap that drags 'em round. No use for such!  
But \* \* \* beats the Dutch  
How now and then a lad like Little Aby  
Grows up a president—or guvnor, maybe.

**A**BE LINCOLN never had no reg'lar schoolin';  
He never quarterbacked nor pulled stroke oar,  
Nor never spent his time and money foolin'  
With buried langwidges and ancient lore.  
But \* \* \* Abe l'arned more  
To set him forrerd in the human filin'  
Than all the college fellers' kit and bilin'.

**A**BE LINCOLN never did git hifalutin—  
Not even thar in Washin'ton, D. C.  
He jist kep' common, humble, ord'n'ry, suitin'  
His backwoods corn patch raisin' to a T.  
But \* \* \* jiminy gee!  
W'y, Abe was any statesman's peer and ekul  
And wise as Solomon or old Ezekul.

**I** RECKON I'm a bit old fashioned, maybe,  
But when I want a pattern for a man  
I'm middlin' shore to measure Father Aby  
And cut to fit his homely human plan.  
And long 's I can  
I'm hootin' loud and rootin' proud, by hucky,  
For that old boy from Hodgenville, Kaintucky!

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For that old boy from Hodgenville,  
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*Robertus Love*

FARM TOPICS, FEB. 1930



# An Appreciation of Lincoln

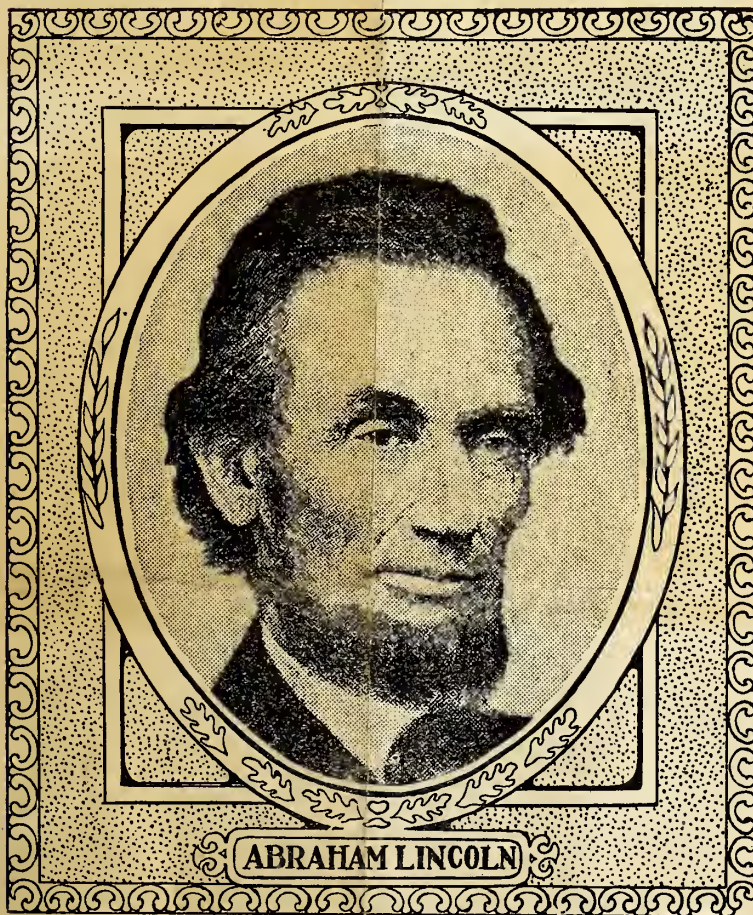
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"Jest setting in that very cheer \* \* \*  
He'd talk with me about my crops."

**W**HY, yes, they're family pictures all  
You see a-hangin' on the wall.  
There's dad and mother, little Gabe,  
Aunt Mary, Caroline and Abe—  
Why, sure—Abe Lincoln. Well, now, he  
Is not exac'ly kin to me—  
That is, he's not my fam'ly line,  
But Abe's a pers'nal friend o' mine.

**D**ID I know Lincoln? Do you mean  
To ask me if I ever *seen*  
Abe Lincoln? Why, of course not, man,  
Seein' as how my life began  
After his own run out. By gum!  
D' you think I'm old Methuselum?  
Still, all the same, I sort o' know  
Old Abe, but I don't mean to blow.

**Y**ES, sir! It's always seemed to me  
I've knowed Abe Lincoln, seein' he  
Is jest my sort—the friendly kind  
And neighbor-like. He wouldn't mind,  
I reckon, now, if he was here,  
Jest settin' in that very cheer  
You're in; he'd cross his long, lean props  
And talk with me about my crops.

**H**E never was stuck up, I think,  
Abe wasn't. Bet he'd come and drink  
A glass o' cider here with us  
And never mind about the muss  
The children make. By hokey! Well,  
I bet he'd jest set there and tell  
A story, same as you or Bill,  
And laugh about it fit to kill!

**A**BE LINCOLN was so human! Why,  
I've read a lot about these high  
Up fellers, sech as princes, kings  
And dukes and emperors and things.  
That there Napoleon Bonypart  
Could lick the earth, but had no heart.  
Abe Lincoln, he was diff'rent; he  
Was human, same as you and me.

**A**BE wasn't spoilt by power and place.  
Why, you can read that in his face,  
So kindly-like, as if he had  
A mission to make people glad,  
And yet a sort o' sadness, too,  
As if he felt put out and blue  
Because folks suffered. Sometimes I,  
A-studyin' Abe, purt' nearly cry.

**A**ND so I've hung his picture there  
'Longside o' dad's, for, I declare,  
It seems like me and Lincoln might  
Be kinfolks, and I love the sight  
O' him along with dad and mother,  
Aunt Mary, Caroline and other  
Folks really in my fam'ly line,  
For Abe's a pers'nal friend o' mine.



Love, Robertus

"Abe Lincoln? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile  
f'om where we be,"

# AT LINCOLN'S TOMB

Robertus Love

(Being the Reminiscences of the Honorable Jason Pettigrew, of  
Calhoun County, Illinois, in 1895)

Abe Lincoln? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile f'om  
where we be,  
Right here in Springfield, Illinois, Abe used to room  
with me.  
He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun,  
And me and Abe was cronies then; I'll not forgit it  
soon.

I'll not forgit them happy days we used to sort o' batch  
Togeth' in a little room that didn't have no latch  
To keep the other fellers out that liked to come and  
stay  
And hear them dasted funny things Abe Lincoln used  
to say.

Them days Abe Lincoln and myself was pore as any-  
thing;  
Job's turkey wasn't porer, but we used to laff and sing,  
And Abe was clean chuck full o' fun, but he was sharp  
as tacks,  
For that there comic face o' his'n was fortified with  
fac's.

Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and  
pants  
Appeared to be on distant terms, but when he'd git a  
chance  
He'd give 'em sick a drubbin' that they'd clean forgit  
his looks,  
For Abe made up in common sense the things he lacked  
in books.

Wull, nex' election I got beat, and Abe come back  
alone;  
I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, pervidin' for my own.  
You see, I had a woman and two twins that called me  
paw,  
And Abe he kep' a-clinkin', too, at politics and law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in old Cal-  
houn,  
For I was out o' politics and kinder out o' chune  
With things that happened, but 'way back I'd named  
my two twin boys---  
One Abraham, one Lincoln---finest team in Illinois.

Wull, here one day I read that Abe's among the can-  
didates  
(My old friend Abe!) for president o' these United  
States.  
And, though I had the rheumatiz and felt run-down  
and blue,  
I entered politics ag'in and helped to pull him through

And when nex' spring he called for men to fetch their  
 grit and guns  
 And keep the ship o' state afloat I sent him both my  
 sons,  
 And would 'a' gone myself and loved to make the bul-  
 lets whiz  
 'F it hadn't been I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Well, Abe---my little Abe, I mean---he started out  
 with Grant;  
 They buried him at Shiloh. . . . Excuse me, but I  
 can't  
 Help feelin' father-like, you know, for them was likely  
 boys;  
 The' wasn't two another sich that went f'om Illinois.

And Lincoln---my son Lincoln---he went on by his-  
 self,  
 A-grievin' for his brother Abe they'd laid upon the  
 shelf,  
 And when he come to Hicksburg he was all threshed out  
 and sick,  
 And yit when there was fightin' Link fit right in the  
 thick.

One night afore them Johnnies' guns my pore boy went  
 to sleep  
 On picket dooty. . . . No, sir; 'tain't the shame  
 that makes me weep.  
 It's now Abe Lincoln, president, at Washin'ton, D.C.,  
 Had time to recollect the days he used to room with  
 me!

For don't you know I wrote to him the' 'd sentenced  
 to be shot  
 his namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die and  
 rot,  
 The son o' his old crony and the last o' my twin boys  
 He used to plague me so about at Springfield', Illinois.

Did he? Did Abe? Well, now, he sent a telegraph so  
 quick  
 It burnt them bottles on the poles and made the light-  
 nin' sick!  
 "I pardon Lincoln Pettigrew. A. Lincoln, President."  
 The boy has got that paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln, and now I've come down  
 here---  
 Firs' time I be'n in Springfield' for nigh on sixty year---  
 To see his grave and tombstone, because . . . be-  
 cause, you see,  
 We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, and me.

This poem appears in The Praise of Lincoln, An Anthology  
 by A. Dallas Williams. Pages 21, 22, 23.



# Flint Public Schools

Flint, Michigan

February 9, 1950

Dr. Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln National Life Foundation  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. Warren:

O. J. Heber from Royal Oak has just suggested that I request to be put on the mailing list for Lincoln Lore. I shall appreciate such courtesy.

Enclosed please find a copy of "At Lincoln's Tomb" by Robertus Love, a copy of which I clipped from some publication in Colorado about forty years ago. It is found, I'm advised, in The Praise of Lincoln, an anthology by A. Dallas Williams.

*✓ on m. c.  
✓ acknowledged poem*

RTB:jc  
enc. 1

Sincerely yours,



Richard T. Boyd, Principal  
Lowell Jr. High School

Where origin is known credit is given.

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